

F.M.I.

Female Mimics International

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**Cover
Model
Honey
Carolina**

**Party Time
Jumping
for Jody**

Transformation of a Football Hero!

All models over 18 years of age. Adults Only

F.M.I.

*Female Mimics
International*

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EDITORIAL

"The Queens," the famous 1967 documentary opened in New York the latter part of March as an AIDS benefit. Everyone who was anyone showed, including Harlowe, Crystal Le Bella. And cast members from "The Crying Game", I mention this only to let you all know that "The Queens" will be appearing in other major cities in the coming months, so keep your eyes open, and yes I am in it!

And speaking of my films, I just finished a video soap opera, entitled "The Young and The Transgenerated", starring Carnal Candy, Morelle De Keigh, and Magnificent Margo. To say anything goes would be an understatement, but I must mention the girls look fantastic and their acting abilities are vastly improved.

To all the amateurs out there, check out our Honey Carolina in this issue. Seldom do we see a stone dude look so fantastic as a women. Our special thanks to Cim in the Big Apple for showing us what can be done with a little paint and powder and of course a great deal of talent, (thank you girl). Now get busy; do some more work, Ok! In closing out this issue I just want to extend my feeling of appreciation to all the little letter writers out there who always send in words of praise, and thanks for discovering FMI, and its message. Please understand, I cannot write



*everyone back, but I can say
God bless you from the bottom
of my heart!*

*Love, First and Always,
Kim Christy*

JUMPING FOR JODY



Jody comes from Northern California, a student at a leading university on a sports scholarship in track and field. Standing five feet ten inches tall (all legs, my dears), Jody has no problem being a tall girl when home alone. Her desire to dress started when she was only ten years old! and her sister needed a girlfriend to practice hairstyling and make-up on!



JODY





Jody never got over those fun filled afternoons with sis, so now that Jody lives alone in her own dorm room, make-up parties are an everyday happening, and she admits to having a special boyfriend come in when lights are out. That's when the candles are lit, and the boyfriend is jumping on Jody!





PARTY TIME

I hope that you remember me from my last letter. I wrote to you about the pledge of obedience that my sissy-husband must recite each day. Since my last letter we have embarked on an even greater new method of what I call sissy humiliation. My "housewife," Yvette, (my real husband, Donald), is a thoroughly well-trained and dedicated, adorable, little, prissy French maid sissy. Yvette is an excellent, loyal and obedient, domestic, sissy servant.

It is so fantastic for a woman to be able to control "her man" to the point that "he" will dress and act like a little girl and will do everything that she wants. No more does he play golf with the boys or watch a football game. No, now he cleans and maintains my house and serves me and my friends, and "he" does it while wearing the frilliest and fluffiest sissy uniforms imaginable. It is really terrific to "own" such a sissy.

Although my little sissy has been pantied and petticoated for several years now, I still enjoy watching him as he flutters about in his ruffled panties and pretty, little petticoats. He's so adorable being such a swishy little sissy. Up to now I've been referring to Yvette "male," but

that was just to set the stage. The reality of the situation is that my husband is a girl. It's as simple as that. "She" acts, looks and even thinks as a sissy-girl, and that's how I like it and that's how it's going to be.

I am highly satisfied with the results of her extensive training, her sissy performance to date, her wonderful wardrobe, her complete dedication to her duties and responsibilities and her total acceptance of sissyness. However, somewhere deep inside of her remains an inner instinct for her to maintain a part of her former male existence. Normally I wouldn't tolerate it, but it does help me with my own methods of female domination — sissy humiliation.

She does everything expected of her and in the most acceptable manner, but I suspect that this little, tiny bit of "male resistance" in her continues to cause her severe embarrassment. I happily accept it as "his" embarrassment. It's a tremendous turn-on to me.

I have several woman friends who not only know about my pretty little sissy husband but enjoy seeing "him" play act out the sissy role. They also enjoy assisting me in her training, supervision and discipline.

They love seeing the effects and enjoying the rewards of female domination and male submission as much as I. My two best friends, Sally and Terri, are married with big, strong, macho husbands, who could never contemplate or understand the weaker sex (the male sissy), a cross between the outer male shell and the inner girlish wimp. Their husbands are "real" men, of course, and would not approve of our little afternoon tea club (The Wonder Women's Club) nor would they understand Donald (my husband) or what he is capable of being.

Another club member is Joan, a stunning beauty, who is single and bitter towards men in general. Joan really enjoys every aspect of the club. The last member is MaryBeth, who is married and has recently introduced her husband to the joys of panties and petticoats. However, up to last Saturday, the poor dear boy didn't know that MaryBeth was showing us pictures and was keeping us up-to-date on the progress of his transformation into a sissy.

Our little tea parties continued with my little cute Yvette serving us, demonstrating her respect, adoration, loyalty and obedience to

the female sex. After Yvette has served us, I will make her kneel in the middle of our circle as we would laugh, giggle and make suggestions to MaryBeth on further training of her soon-to-be-sissy husband, Robert. Yvette would be so mortified, her ears burning furiously, as we would enjoy ourselves at the expense of our little sissy men. She would listen with glistening eyes.

Terri seemed to enjoy a special relationship with Yvette. She has a definite knack of bringing out the sissy in him, causing him to admit things that even I couldn't have thought of. Terri loves to have Yvette kneel at her feet as she holds his manicured hands with his long shapely painted red fingernails and talks to him in an intimate girl-to-girl manner. They chat about different things like, for instance, how panties feel on a man or how a man feels when wearing a brassiere or what he thinks about when he fills his bra cup with falsies or what he thinks about as he "prances about" in front of his superiors. Does he like to curtsy and bow and does he like to act like a little girl in front of women? Does he enjoy being laughed at as he serves them? Does he like to see and feel his tits jiggle and bounce around as he flutters about performing all of his sissy task?

She can get him to open up and talk about his deepest feminine feelings and to suggest things he dreams about. Once, she recorded one of their talks. It was hilarious. "Oh, Miss Terri, I love being a sissy. I think I would really want to be a real girl as long as I can wear pretty clothes and have you force me to act like a little girl. I love to clean house, dressed as a French maid. I love to curtsy and bow to all of you, my Mistresses, and to serve all of you as a little maid. It's so much fun to hold my petticoats up and to curtsy. I love being forced to wear pretty soft lacy little girl panties and petticoats and a dress. I love being an obedient, subservient, submissive, dedicated, loyal, soft, feminine, respectful and adoring sissy. I love knowing that I'm a man who wants to behave as a little girl. I

love being humbled, humiliated, embarrassed and teased about wearing soft pretty clothes, and I so much love being a sissy. Can I be a little girl forever?"

Terri said in her friendly, but demeaning, way, "God damn it, Donald, I don't think that I'd ever imagined that a man, any man, would actually put on a pair of lacy, women's panties. You know, I mean, after all, a man — a man wearing panties. I don't think that any man would ever want to. You're a man, Donald, aren't you? Are you a man, Donald? Are you wearing panties? Are you wearing pretty, little, lacy girly panties, Donald? Are you?" My poor husband was so close to tears as he faced us. The five of us, all adult females sat there with the biggest smirks on our faces, enjoying his humiliation. Just imagine the entire scene. Here was an adult male wearing panties, bra, petticoats and a dress and "tra la laaing" and sashaying around like a fucking queer with no shame and no manhood.

From the cassette came his soft girlish voice, "Oh, yes, Miss Terri, I'm wearing panties just like a little girl. I love wearing my pretty pink panties. I'm so glad that you women make me wear them. I'm so glad that you like me when I act like a little girl. I absolutely love it when you treat me like a little girl. Isn't my dress pretty, Miss Terri?" Suddenly Donald broke out in tears and as he sat there crying, Sally said, "Oh, look, Donald even cries like a little girl." It was hilarious because at that point he actually looked like a little girl crying.

After a few great moments his tears turned to sniffles and he rose, stood in front of us and lifted up his skirt and petticoats exposing his little, pink, silk, ruffled panties and said, "Gee! Miss Terri, they feel so nice on me. I love wearing them; I really do. I pretend that I'm a girl, Miss Terri and when I slip them on I say to myself, you're not a man, you're a pretty little girl and pretty little girls wear panties just like these."

Donald then looked around the room at the laughing women and

announced, "I like being a sissy." Later he got up and as we laughed ourselves silly he skipped around the room singing, "A tisket, a tasket, a pretty sissy basket, . . ."

This went on for a long period of time and Terri would dwell on his bra and his "tits" and his petticoats. He held no secrets from us and told us all about his dress and apron and his duties and he would always end up telling us about how scared he was of us. "I love being a sissy and I love wearing pretty clothes but I feel so weak and vulnerable, Miss Terri. You're all so beautiful, so strong and so powerful that I'm frightened of you. I'm afraid that you'll get angry with me. I'm afraid that you'll punish me or that you'll tell other people that I'm a sissy or make me go to the store."

It wouldn't be long before Yvette would be softly sobbing from embarrassment as Terri continued her torment. The rest of us would quietly listen enjoying the little sissy's reaction as Terri would chat away delightfully and Yvette would answer open and honestly. Yvette really likes being a pretend girl.

Our routine has normally been to meet every Saturday afternoon, either at my house or at Joan's apartment. We look forward to these little tea parties and all of us really enjoy teasing and taunting and humiliating my adorable little sissy, Yvette. We women do love to see my big strong macho husband as he swishes around with his flailing petticoats and long dark eyelashes fluttering. They all knew him well before I sissified him and thought him to be arrogant and obnoxiously macho. Now is the pay back time for him.

Occasionally Joan will host the party so I will order Yvette over to Joan's early on that morning to clean her apartment and make preparations for the party. Yvette has reported that Joan is quite a stern taskmistress but she also enjoys humiliating her by making her perform hundreds of curtsies and little bows and pirouettes and being the ultimate sissy.

Several time Joan has had delivery made during Yvette's visit

so that the delivery men would see her. It has even become a ritual for the male mail man to stop for coffee whenever Yvette is there. He, of course, knows that Yvette is a man named Donald and enjoys talking "man talk" to this pretty, little, petticoated man. Yvette will usually end up crying through sheer embarrassment as he sits there with his petticoats billowing up while he talks sports to the grinning man sitting so superior in front of him.

Joan will also ask many penetrating, male-degradation questions, which the pretty little sissy maid must answer, causing Joan much satisfaction. Little Yvette has returned shaking and in tears, but when the next meeting at her place comes around, she is all smiles and appears anxious to serve Joan.

Joan enjoys submissive men, however, Donald is the only one who she is in any way involved with, so he must take the brunt of her interest and force.

On Joan's last birthday I made a special purchase and had Yvette give it to her. It was a set of three butt plugs, each one larger than the other. Now Yvette must use them when she's cleaning up Joan's apartment. Joan makes Yvette work up in size. We have never mentioned it to the other women and Joan and I don't discuss it. I feel that it's personal between Joan and my little Yvette, although I did find out that the male mail man knows and has asked Joan if someday he could screw Yvette. Joan told him that she would have to ask "his wife and that I'd probably insist he does it in front of her and Joan and "maybe" a few of their friends. The mail man smiled.

Well anyway this past Saturday the party was held at MaryBeth's house since we felt that the time was right for her Robert's coming out party. Robert was finally fully trained and had accepted "her" new role and had accepted the fact that the women knew about him. Robert had very carefully prepared the house for the party, and MaryBeth had very carefully prepared and supervised Robert's makeup and

uniform and given him "his" final instructions.

MaryBeth informed us later that both she and Robert were anxious and quite nervous as the "bewitching" hour came closer. We all arrived at the same time and entered together. MaryBeth answered the door with a huge smile on her face. We all entered and as we stood in the front hall a very satisfied and grinning MaryBeth called out sweetly, "We have guests, dear."

Robert, whom we had known for years as a fairly masculine person, shyly tiptoed around the corner and stood there with a flaming red face. He was so humiliated and embarrassed that he was in shock, facing his wife and her four friends wearing the pretties plum colored maid's uniform. Robert's lacy petticoats were so full and so fluffy that his skirt was held almost horizontally. Robert's eyes filled up and several tears flowed silently down his powdered cheeks as we giggled at the sight of yet another male sissy. He was so funny as he sobbed holding his knees tightly together.

MaryBeth quietly, but with a smug satisfied and triumphant look, said, "Now!" The pretty petticoated male performed, with just the slightest hesitation, a very nice curtsy and in a pleasant girlish voice said, "Mistress Margaret, Miss Carol, Miss Sally, Miss Terri, Miss Joan, I'm not Robert anymore, I'm a sissy and my name is Felicia-Ann and I want to be a girl."

Of course we couldn't contain ourselves as we howled at the chastened sissy in front of us. "Show them your pretty panties Felicia-Ann. I'm sure they want to see what kind of panties a sissy like you wears."

A blushing Felicia-Ann raised the front of her skirt and petticoats timidly and showed us her delightful panties. They were of white satin with white lace trimming around the leg openings and waist. The bulge in her crotch was made by a flaccid penis unlike my own sissy husband who has a perpetual hard-on when wearing his sissy clothes.

You should probably understand

how traumatic it must be for both Robert and Donald. All four couples and Joan, and whatever male friend she had at the time have been friends for years, the women sharing female things and the men being your typical males. Now out of the nine persons in our friendly circle, seven of us wear panties and know the secret about both Robert and Donald! Meanwhile the sissies had to endure the knowledge that we five women made them into sissies and now treat them like little girls.

Felicia-Ann soon was able to perform her "new" duties. It was an extremely enjoyable situation, although for the first hour or so she was beside herself with anxiety and embarrassment and fear, but she was soon able to perform her duties and her job performance improved, although she was awkward and obviously "just" a man in girl's clothing.

Felicia-Ann seemed to accept her new status, but didn't seem to relish it as much as my Yvette does. Yvette enjoys, no, loves the humiliation of dressing and acting like a sissy and especially enjoys being dominated and ruled by the members of the female sex. Donald wants to expand the membership.

Soon we were able to lift up Felicia-Ann's petticoats to see her panties and to run our fingers over her breasts and to ask her the most personal questions. "Do you like to have tits, Robert, oops I mean Felicia-Ann?" I asked innocently. "Aren't you glad you're not a man anymore, Felicia-Ann? You definitely make a very pretty sissy-girl." It's terrific and we have lots of fun in running "the male animal" into the ground.

Little did MaryBeth's pretty panties sissy know what was soon going to happen to her because sitting in my car was my own little slave-maid, Yvette. She was fully petticoated, aproned, capped and wearing her new white satin French maid's uniform. She was ready for extra special duty. Before I left her I had given her a new Smurf coloring book and a box of new crayons and instructed her to fill in the pages not to go over the lines and to select

pretty colors. She was always excited about being dressed in pretty clothes and about to perform as a little sissy girl in front of the women.

Her face was so priceless to watch as the flaming blush filled her brightly scrubbed cheeks. She seemed to rebel for a scant second when that little bit of male pride tried to exert itself. She was almost reduced to tears with one stern look and that teeny weeny tiny little bit of male shit ran away and hid deep inside her. It was hilarious.

We each took turns running outside to the car to make sure that the little sissy was working on her coloring as I instructed her to do. Whoever came back from the errand would be laughing really hard from seeing Donald sitting in the car working diligently on his coloring. It is so much fun to make a man do sissy things and, besides, it's great training. Yvette gets so upset which makes us feel so good so often.

Well, once the party got rolling and the wine we were drinking started to loosen us up, I stood up and went outside to bring Yvette in. I snapped a pink plastic dog collar and chain around Yvette's neck as she looked up at me with her big, sad, brown eyes.

Then yanking on the leash I pulled her into the house like a little puppy doggy. Much to my satisfaction and amusement she started to bawl like a baby. Her sobs were quite loud and so uncontrolled that her body started to shake. I started to get concerned and then gave her the acid test by reaching under her petticoats and feeling her crotch. Her little "make believe clitoris" was big and hard and I knew that she was excited and enjoying the moment and the anticipation of having the women she her like this as she whimpered a little white lie, "Please Miss, don't make me go in there like this." I knew better, of course. Yvette loves being a girl sissy in front of my friends and me.

Just before we entered the room we looked at each other and smiled. We knew full well that we were both

excited and looking forward to the afternoon. She squeezed my hand and whispered to me, "I'm so happy, Carol. I'm a good sissy, aren't I?" I giggled as I always did when he degraded himself and said, "You're a very good sissy, my dear, a very good sissy and more important, I'm happy." I felt really good as I proudly led my pretty, little pet, my sissy puppy into the room.

The women were in hysterics when they saw just how miserable she looked. We had never seen her quite this upset before. She looked so adorable in this distraught state that we were damn near wetting our own panties as Yvette's tears flowed freely down her cheeks. I was so pleased, excited and proud of my husband as he held my hand tightly and sobbed his little heart out.

Just then the shy, pretty, little but unsuspecting sissy Felicia-Ann came prancing in from the kitchen. She looked so sweet and girlish as she took short mincing steps that caused her petticoats to sway gently in such a feminine way. It was extra nice because her look of mortification was still on her pretty powdered face. She was just brought out into the public as a petticoated French maid and now one of our husbands would see her.

Felicia-Ann took one look at Yvette and her eyes filled rapidly with tears and then she recognized Yvette as being Donald and knew that Donald recognized him as being Robert. Felicia-Ann broke out into large big crocodile tears and soon her shoulders were shaking with sobs.

It was so unexpected and surprising that the whole scene became hilarious as the two petticoated males actually stood there crying their cute little hearts out. It was damn near unbelievable watching both our husbands crying like two little babies. Their breasts were heaving from the heavy sobbing and the total embarrassment of having a male friend know. We probably should have been more compassionate because it was, in an exciting sort of a way, sad and pitiful watching these two sissies. They seemed so lost in

a sea of frilly lace and were so obviously and completely without any balls.

It took several minutes before we could stop ourselves from laughing and then to catch our breaths. Then, of course, we had to stop our little girl sissies from crying, to quiet them and to calm them down so we could continue with our "wonder women's" party.

Finally, giggling wildly, I was able to go up to Yvette and as I held a tissue and blotted the tears from her crimson flushed cheeks. I felt the triumph of victory fill my face and with an excited smile of total satisfaction said, "That's a good girl, Yvette." She could only gulp trying to restore some dignity. Then I held the tissue to her powdered nose and said "Blow your nose, Yvette, like a good little baby girl." She blew so softly and so delicately that it seemed as if she "really" were a little girl.

I then pointed a long finger at Felicia-Ann and whispered, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Well you know what has to be done, you little fag sissy, introduce yourself to this other fag sissy girl." In one smooth motion I lifted Yvette's lacy petticoats and the other club members giggled as I gave her a sharp open handed slap on her ruffled derriere. She looked up at me in embarrassed horror and seeing the look of determination on my face, knew better than to argue.

Yvette gingerly, but with short tentative girlish steps, which made her hips sway provocatively, walked up to the still sniffing sissy Felicia-Ann. My sweet little sissy sighed deeply, took one last pleading look around at the grinning women, but finding no sympathy, proceeded to perform a graceful and delicate curtsy to Felicia-Ann. Yvette's body respectfully dipped low as sissy Felicia-Ann looked at her with apprehension. "Good afternoon, sissy Felicia-Ann." Yvette sang out in a soft, lovely but sad voice.

Then while still holding her petticoats up and out in the traditional manner of a submissive servant girl, she showed us her ruffled pink panties. She stood on

her tiptoes, her legs held straight and her body bent only at the waist, Yvette tenderly and sisterly kissed the sad faced and frightened sissy Felicia-Ann on her powdered cheek. It was beautiful and we were so moved by this simple act of "sisterly sissy love" that we, quite spontaneously, applauded and smiled at this delicate and sincere gesture. To think that our two macho husbands have been so transformed into sissies that they gave us this wonderful show.

Sissy Felicia-Ann was so surprised and tingling from Yvette's lips brushing her cheeks that she smiled her acceptance of her new friend. MaryBeth then ordered Felicia-Ann to welcome Yvette to her home. Felicia-Ann complied without any resistance, her red lips tasting the salty tears on Yvette's cheeks. She just followed Yvette's lead and said, "Good Afternoon, sissy Yvette. Welcome to my home." And she kissed Yvette on her rosy red cheek. Felicia-Ann's will was broken. Both cute little sissies stood there quietly and held their petticoats high until I said, "That was very nice, my little twin sissies, absolutely wonderful." I noticed that Yvette was beaming while Felicia-Ann fought back tears.

Yvette then took a step forward and curtsied to me asked for permission to speak. "Very well, Yvette, you may." Yvette with a happy face said, "I've got a friend, Miss Carol. She wears pretty panties too," said a very happy and enthusiastic Yvette. "Robert's a sissy — like me." We all laughed.

For the next half hour we enjoyed the wonderful spread served by our lovely maids as they scurried about tending to our needs and generally pleasing us with the attentiveness to detail and protocol. They seemed quite nervous but acted effeminate enough to maintain our amusement and our pleasure.

They seemed to get along well with each other, although it must have been a little awkward for both of them. After all, up to this afternoon, they only knew each other as men. When they had nothing to do we had them face each other and hold hands. I

directed my next statement to them, "Now, girls, we want you to talk to each other like two sissy girlfriends." It was delightful as Yvette excitedly talked sissy talk to a quiet shamed Felicia-Ann.

"You're very pretty, Felicia-Ann. I love your pretty outfit. Do you like being a girl, too?" Yvette kept up a constant little sissy chatter, "I like wearing panties, I've got lots and lots of them. Do you have a dolly? I do. Her name is Bim Bim and Miss Carol lets me play with her when I'm a good girl. Are you a good girl, Felicia-Ann?" We were delighted with how good Yvette could talk "sissy talk." However, MaryBeth was disappointed that Felicia-Ann wasn't talking at all.

Then I determined that it was time for the entertainment to begin. I did something that I had been planning for weeks, ever since MaryBeth indicated that "Robert" was ready to come out. Both sissies were wearing so many adorable lacy petticoats that their skirts were almost horizontal and "floated" on a sea of lace. We had quite a view of their most prized possession — their "female" virginity (they had already lost their male virginity). This kept us giggling and set up the stage for our next round of amusement.

I ordered both sissies, as they faced each other, to get as close as they could. Their feet inched forward until they were nose to nose, breast to breast and toe to toe. Their fronts of their petticoats and skirts were pushing against the others, forcing the back of their petticoats to stand straight up, exposing their pantied derrieres. They were involuntarily rubbing their breasts together as they tried to get closer and closer, but were obviously held back by the multitude of the lace that they both wore.

Both sissies were mortified and quite frightened by the laughing women who held them in their power. Unconsciously, their hands felt out for the other sissy's waist and then rested their hands on the other's silk clad hips and gripped them firmly. It was a very heart-rendering scene, very enjoyable, as

we collectively held our breaths as our sissies continued to sigh and press forward. Small tentative smiles appeared at the corner of their sissy lipsticked mouths and added to the heat in the room.

Yvette, impatient and frustrated, reached down and pulled the front of her outfit, petticoats and skirt, up and out of the way. Thus her panties were exposed for all the women to see. Yvette then unashamedly pulled Felicia-Ann's petticoats up and out of the way so that their hot smelly crotches could meet. Yvette's cock was hot and hard and held up high by her panties while Felicia-Ann's cock wasn't quite as hot, quite as hard, but interested.

Yvette then reached down and gently adjusted Felicia-Ann's cock until it was held up by her smooth white colored panties. Slowly both "men" started to rub and grind and thrust their pelvises into the other's crotch area. Both cocks were now hot, hard, big, strong and unrelenting as the silk cloth of their panties stretched to the breaking point.

The outline of their huge love muscles began to throb with passion and excitement as they rubbed their cocks together sensuously and then started to hump each other out of desire and passion. No man could have resisted that pretty girl who he held in his hands, now could they?

Yvette boldly grabbed Felicia-Ann's hands and placed them firmly on her ruffled buttocks, and while Felicia-Ann started to rub Yvette's hot panties, feeling her ass and squeezing her cheeks. She pulled her tightly against her hot crotch area. Yvette slipped her arms around Felicia-Ann's neck and hugged her gently. She then moved her head to the side and gently brought her mouth down; fully and suddenly their lips were pressed together. They kissed. They kissed as new lovers, tenderly and passionately, their hips moving in and out in rhythm with each other, pressing their love nests.

We could hear the soft moans as their mouths opened and their wet tongues slipped in, searching for the

Pix from Readers



When I was a Lad of Ten

*Mother caught me wearing her panties/when I was just
a lad of ten. She scolded me and promised more/if she
caught me doing that again.*

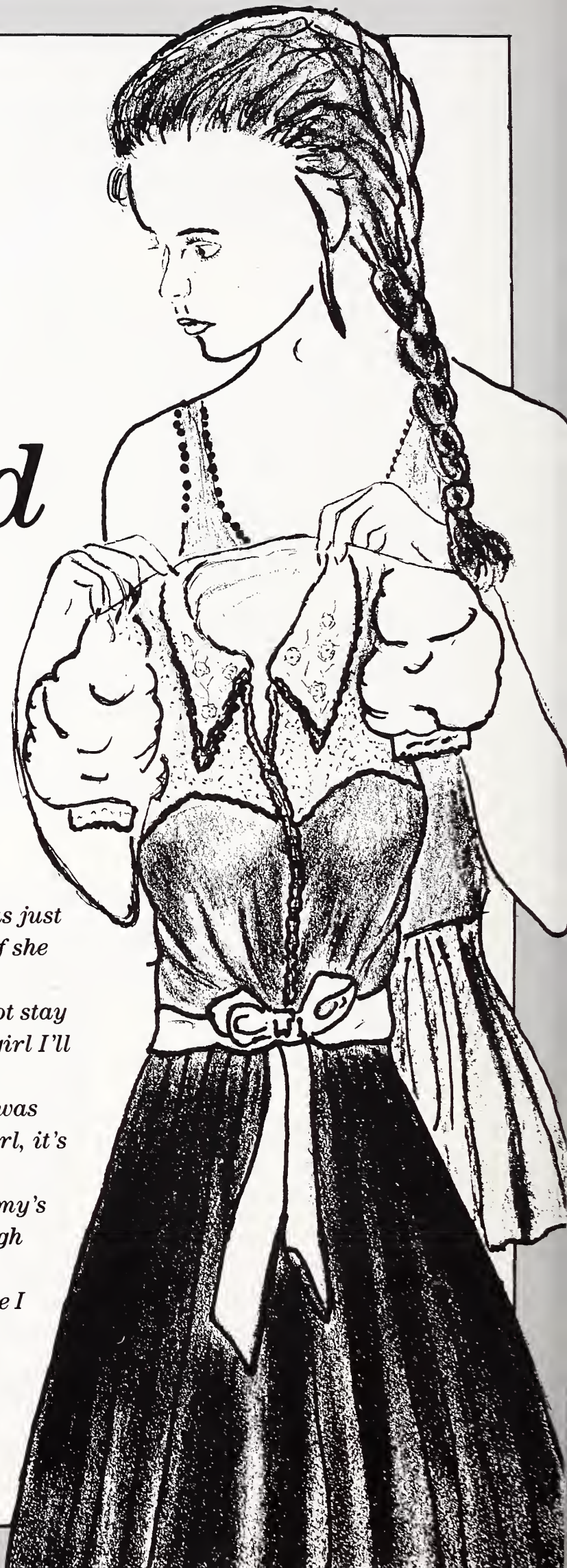
*Oh! How I loved those soft, frilly undies/I could not stay
away. Mother said "stop wearing them or/like a girl I'll
dress you, all the way".*

*Caught again, and made to wear a dress/when I was
just a lad of ten. Forced to be a little sweet little girl, it's
really what I should have been.*

*I'm fifteen now and totally changed/Yes I'm mommy's
little sissy dear/Wearing dresses, makeup and high
heeled shoes/and of course, my lacy underwear.*

*I've been transformed from a boy to a girl/because I
had a yen/To play "dress-up" in my mommy's
clothes/when I was just a lad of ten.*

*Francene
1992*



Letters to Kim Christy

If you wish to write to Kim and possibly have your letter published please send all correspondence to F.M.I., POB 1622, Studio City, CA 91614. All letters sent are considered for unconditional publication unless otherwise specified. If you wish to have your pictures published as well, please see the new requirements for models releases and ID on page 39.



Dear Kim,

I am a long time reader of FMI and a fairly recent purchaser of your She-Male solo video series.

Many of your "girls" are very gorgeous, but your latest discovery Dawn is perfection, right down to the voice.

I loved the camera closeup view up her long and beautiful legs (suggestion, have the camera move slower starting at her heels and working up her legs), this view would be a leg worshiper dreams come true. Also, in the video when Dawn turns her back to the camera and bends over saying "how do you like this pose" as she shows her "male" outlines while wearing panties — this is hot. I like what I see in her.

I also like the added touch of the "girl" mentioning her

measurements including length.

Your production and

Jennifer Thomas was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

combination of great camera angles make this solo video of Dawn my favorite. Thanks for your great products Kim, and

will we ever see you get naked on video, what a treat that would be for all.

Love,
Gina

Dear Kim,

Just finished reading FMI No. 71 — another great job! Where do you ever find the beautiful "girls" who grace your pages? I thought Jennifer Thomas was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen (and so tall and statuesque, also!) And Susanne was so cute and had a body to die for! Also, the "girlfriends" photo spread was really cute, too (as were the girls themselves). It really is amazing that there are "girls" like us who can look that good, while still remaining male (at least

between their legs).

Keep up the great work, Kim, and one small request, how about another pictorial soon of Baby Brooke, or better yet, a Baby Brooke Fan Club!?

Take care, Kim!

Love,
Kellie

Dear Kim,

I am an occasional reader of FMI. I would be a regular reader, but it is not regularly available. I can't subscribe, and the book stores do not routinely have it. And that is one symptom of my problem.

I am a heterosexual male. I would be an occasional TV if the results weren't so predictably ugly. However, I am a great admirer of TVs and TSs, and regard my interest in them as being consistent with my heterosexuality. They are, because they decided to be, females. I am interested in those who have no interest in being gay and those who go on to be, and react like, women. In either case, I would enjoy taking one out to a fancy lunch and on a shopping trip. In other words, sex would be secondary to the sheer fun of poking our joint fingers in the eyes of the establishment as we look and act like a couple.

Now, my problem is that, being a conventional heterosexual male, I am married and have no problem with that, even though that status is, perforce, somewhat limiting in what one can do. So, I am a TV/TS admirer in the closet. My marital status, the ethos of my social circle, and the sensitivity of the job I hold, all require that I stay in that closet. So I read FMI when I can and once I even placed an ad in FMI proposing that I would, with no strings, like to take a TV/TS to lunch and/or whatever she liked. No takers.

So, Kim, I realize that there is no solution, but I did want you to know that there is more than one closet out in the world and a closet TV has, at least, the advantage of knowing where the walls of that closet are and of being able to communicate with other inhabitants of that closet.

I admire you and I admire your work. And I admire all the lovely women in FMI.

Affectionately,
E.J. D.

**I'd love to
become a
passable girl
and date sexy
men.**

Dear Kim,

Thanks for publishing my letter and photos ad recently. Your mag is the greatest! The Baby Brooke issue is phenomenal. All of the girls are beautiful. I put a pinup of Brooke on the back of the door at work and the guys like her better than the cover models in Playboy. If only they knew! This certainly confirms that Shemales are more attractively feminine and sexy than "real" women. I love to have FMI handy during photo sessions to inspire

my modeling. I get so excited that my boobs feel like bursting through my black satin French push up bra! My thick dick gets long and hard pressing against my silky smooth pink lace trimmed V-kini. Sometimes I just can't keep my sharp long ruby finger nails away from it. I'll hike up my stretch lycra miniskirt and pull it out and for the camera to record. More than one such session has deteriorated into a lusciously wicked cock rubbing session!

Seriously, the recent controversy about breast implants concerns many of your most beautiful and feminine readers. Currently there are restrictions upon the use of these devices to cosmetically enlarge the breast for what some prudish people consider vain reasons. The FDA panel has already stated that there is no hard evidence of any kind that silicone implants cause the many diseases that they were accused of. As a health professional who deals with breast disease, including cancer, on a daily basis, I believe that it is important that our sexy shemale sisters with wonderfully real boobs from implants should not panic. Follow the FDA guidelines. See a plastic surgeon yearly and have a screening mammogram at an approved facility. These shouldn't cost more than about \$50. If the government starts a registration program, be sure to be on it. When the smoke clears, in a few years, you will be in the best position to take action, if any. Above all remember that millions of women and SHEMALES have had breast enlarging surgery in the last 30 years and that the overwhelming majority have had no ill effects.

Regards,

Andrea Taylor

P.S.: Please publish these new pix. I do try so hard to be beautiful and sexy even if my boobs are small! I do wish I had real boobs, too!

Dear Kim,

I always considered writing you, but was never properly motivated until I saw the photos of you with a whip "demanding" my participation.

Instead of GUSHING all over you to open (I easily could!) I'd like to tell you how much I miss "Sally's Section." It was simply THE MOST EROTIC things I've ever seen in print. There was such a sexy vibe to everything about Sally. I could only pray that she is alive and well and having too much fun to contribute.

My story is an interesting one. At the age of 5 or 6, a little girl I was playing with attached form strips to my chest to form a "pretend bra." She then held me to the ground and painted my lips ruby red with a tube of lipstick we had found. Well, this first experience with a grade school dominatrix left quite an impression!

I was un-coordinated as a boy, although never really effeminate. None the less, this childhood experience influenced my psyche totally. My raids of my "moms stuff" got more and more adventurous over time — from simple lipstick smears and wipe offs, to just bras, then to bras and panty hose — graduating finally to her entire wardrobe by the time of junior high. I was a bit of a late bloomer, and even though I fell in love with a girl in 7th grade (that remained unrequited all throughout high school), I was definitely a hetero being. I'm trying to make sense of it all. I believe that since she didn't return my love, and since I was just interested in anyone else, I think I dressed and masturbated as a way of "being with a woman." I didn't do blatant role playing, but I believe that these early experiences were a way of experiencing a woman's touch — even though I had to supply both the boy and the girl selves.

College took me away from mom's drawer, and I finally

began to explore my sexuality with a variety of women during the hedonistic late 70's and early 80's. Sex with women got kinkier, but I never divulged my femme interest with my partners.

I'll never forget the first time I bought woman's clothing at a mall. I bought black garters, stockings and a bra — and very soon sprayed several feet. It was incredible!! To skim over the

My thick dick gets long and hard pressing against my silky smooth, pink-lace-trimmed v-kini.

years a bit, I continued to buy until I now (finally) have a decent wardrobe.

I recently started to date this drop-dead sex pot who took advantage of my every desire to please her. She made me into her houseboy, painter and personal assistant, in addition to being her submissive lover. She dominated me so much! At the time, I rebelled every now and then. Then it happened

totally out of left field, she went to a drawer and pulled out a bra! (she didn't know of my cross dressing but I think she suspected!) She demanded that I put in on. Naturally I complied. Then she told me she was going to force me to suck on her other boyfriend's cock. She then pulled out a dildo and stuck it in my mouth.

My head was spinning! I couldn't believe what was happening. I had never had previous GAY FANTASIES, but the way she introduced it into our sex play, it was the most intoxicating turn on. We continued with these fantasies, and she used them quite effectively to control me.

We've since broken up, but I continue to fantasize about men. I'd love to become a passable girl and date sexy men. I dream of oral sex constantly. But I've never acted on my impulses. Maybe some day soon! I only feel like this when I'm dressed, and would love to have a man or a couple have me as their special "girlfriend," or as a housemaid, as I also have a desire to serve.

You know, it's a funny thing! I confided to this ex-lady friend that I enjoyed dildoes and men's cock as a sex toy only — but not as something that I would find attractive if "connected" to a sexy real person with real desires. She knowingly looked at me, winked, and said, "You will." Well — she was right!

The "sophisticated lifestyle" is a mixed blessing, Kim. The more erotic and kinky the sex play gets, the more elaborate you want/need it next time around.

But it's an "upward spiral" to higher and higher psycho-sexual satisfaction I couldn't live without.

I'm taking out a personal ad in case any readers would like to help take me to the top of my dreams.

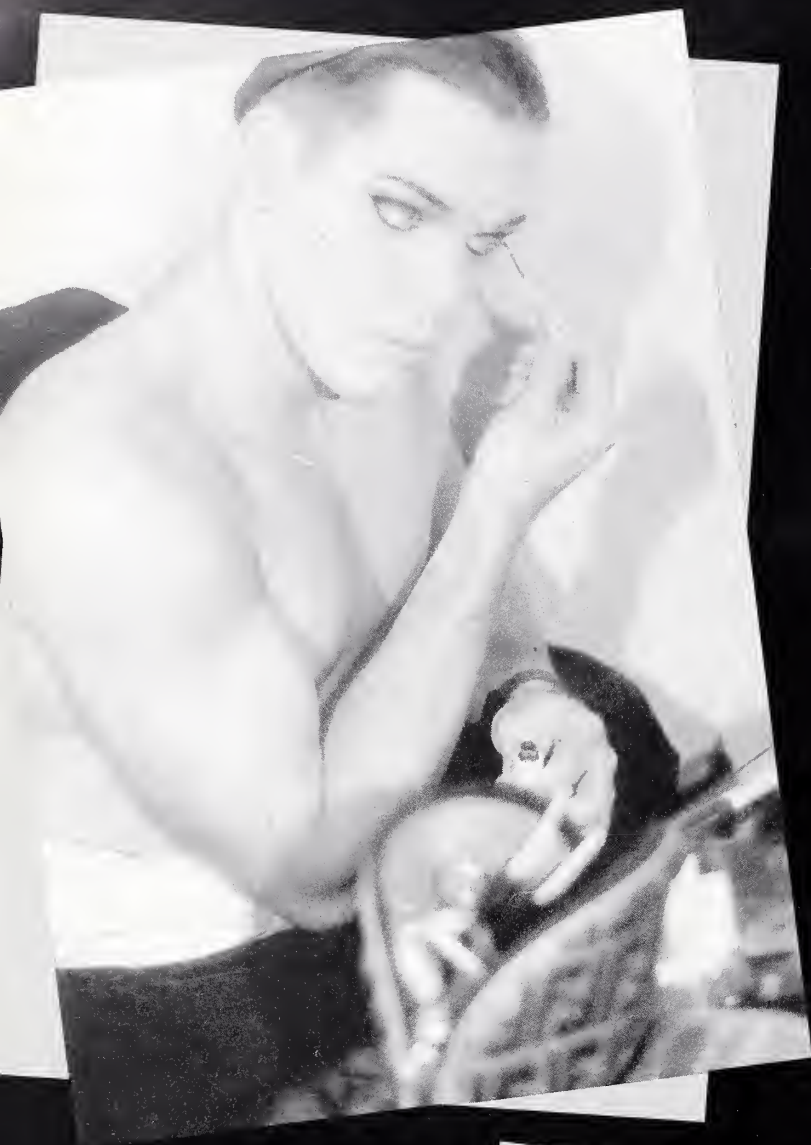
Hugs,
Alison

TRANSFORMATION OF A FOOTBALL HERO!



Honey Carolina, bombshell on the rise, is without a doubt the hottest thing since sunburn! As a quarterback in high school, the girls went crazy for this football hero. Now his teammates are looking at Honey in a new way that has them completely confused, and you can see why!





He never before had any desire to don a dress until our Cim got a hold of him, and showed Honey what a great transformation he made. Now every weekend the make-up and the blonde wig are part of a new life that includes dining, dancing and dishing with the girls!









Now tell the truth, does she or doesn't she remind you of that beauty from the past "Kim August"? We here at FMI are very impressed with Honey and hope you are to. Perhaps we can see more of her in the future. Cim, get to work, girl!

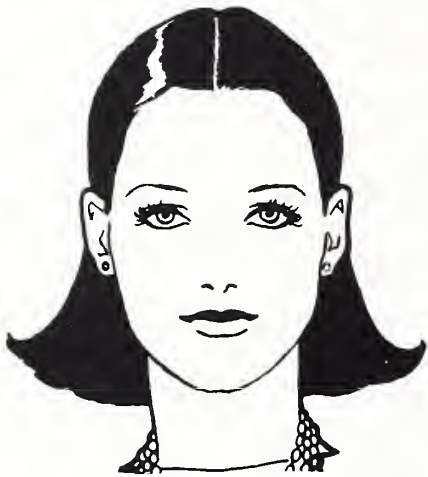




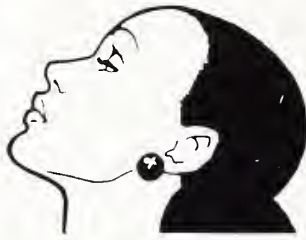




F.M.I. *Personal* *Female Mimics* *International* **ADS**



CUTE, PETITE, BI-TV seeks to correspond with anyone sharing mutual fantasies or for meeting generous men for romantic nights around town. Photo insures sincerity. Love, Carole-Anne. **F-899**



I'M SUGAR, SPICE and everything nice — unless we feel like getting naughty! I'm looking for other "girls" to share my fantasies with. If you dream about being a lesbian cheerleader, submissive French maid or a slutty cock-teaser, we've got some things in common! We can exchange letters, photos, lingerie — almost anything you can imagine, I can enjoy! If the thought of me writing this while wearing a black lacy cat suit under a pink minidress with matching 5" heels turns you on, then write to me! Hot, wet kisses from Jennie! **F-901**



ROBERTA ANGELA DEE is a beautiful African-American pre-operative transsexual. She measures 38B-28-38 and is 5'11" and 155 lbs. She wishes to meet with bisexual women, other serious and committed TSs with breast development, or bi-couples. No single men. SASE, photo/phone gets immediate reply. **F-902**



F-901



F-903

TEXAS WM. SEEKS passable TS/TV, 20-40, to share the pleasures of the mind, heart and body. I enjoy dinner dates, travel, conversation and romance. Photo/phone if possible. **F-903**



F-905

CLOSET TV that needs to come out! SWM, 40, 6'1," 220 lbs., salt & pepper brown hair, blue eyes. Wishes to meet/correspond with other TV/TS (she-male). Possible dating and relationship. Please include picture. WW. F-904

HELLO EVERYONE! My name is Tess. I'm open to enjoy friendship with a lovely male or female who enjoys the transgendered lifestyle. I'm a woman/child — more woman than child, slender and sensuous. Even though I am very educated, I have a playful nature and love laughing! Write to me. Please include a photo so I can see your precious self! F-905

ATTRACTIVE, KINKY TV into total look, would like correspondence, photos and conversation from TVs and TSs. I travel the west coast occasionally, and would like to meet for girl-talk, photos, and mutual fantasies. F-906



F-906



F-907

CHARLOTTE, N.C. — EXCITING & entertaining Bi-TV would like to meet sincere & attractive TVs, TSs, females and couples for friendship & fulfillment. Travel extensively. Photo is a must. Charlene. F-907

LIKES TOO-SHORT SKIRTS and bosomy looks. A real passion for heels, hose, panties, slips, bras. Correspond/exchange photos; will answer all. Your photo(s) get mine. Tommie. F-908



F-909

I'M A S/W MASCULINE MALE, 6' tall, 185 lbs., with dark hair and blue eyes. I own a small construction company. I'm an athletic, well-muscled male who is also quite sensuous and romantic. I would like to meet very feminine Bi- TVs & pre-op TSs, either for fun and good times together or possibly a true and caring relationship. I will be very generous and will treat you as the lady you deserve to be treated as. Feminine pre-ops & Bi- TVs write and include photo. Let's see if we can develop something special. Love, Sal. F-909

ATTRACTIVE TV, 27, out of the closet. Would like to meet other TV, TS or woman for girl-talk and shopping. Would love to be personal maid or slave to right woman. Hetero, only. F-910



F-910



F-911

SF-MONEREY — quality Bi-TV wants to meet couples, TV's or women for fun and friendship. Am out-of-the-closet, safe clean and discreet and expect the same. Many interest and quite experienced in all facets of this lifestyle. My fantasies are reality so will exchange photos but no prolonged correspondence, write now. Dish

F-911



F-913

FEMME FATALE - leggy East Coast TV seeks loyal correspondents for photos swaps, wardrobe suggestions, cosmetics tips, and uninhibited transvestite fun and adventure. Love, Stefanie

F-914



F-916

PA/NJ/DEL — unique, sexy, slender fem Afro-American (TV) desires explicit letters and desirable photo's from ultra attractive TV, TS 5'6", 36-27-36, 34 yrs. old. Love Devita Chance

F-916



F-912

30 YEAR OLD MALE, self-employed, athletically fit, residing in Dallas. Seeks attractive TV, TS for friendship that could develop into a possible long-term relationship. All letters with photos will be answered.

F-912



F-914

Maryland Universal Spirit — with feminine partner seeks to meet other Universal Spirits. Learn through her feminine partner how to express your true feminine spirit in comfortable secluded and discrete surroundings. Will answer all replies. Can assist in transformations by mail or in person. Orientation is one of the spirit and of freedom. J. Urania

F-915



F-917

VA. SHEMALE — 33, single, shy, submissive and sincere seeks handsome male admirers for dates, possible long-term relationship. I like music, reading, cooking and cartoons. My dream is to become full time female --any dream-weavers out there? serious only please, sisters welcome. Miss Monet

F-917

WHEELING, W. VA — I'm Amy, A single, Bi-TV, 31 yrs. old, 5'3", smooth-shaven. I'm looking to make new friends and explore fantasies. Singles or couples, 20-40. Can't entertain but free to travel. SASE an photo answered first.

F-913

EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS — Bi CD would like to meet interesting, creative people. I am a computer programmer, musician, artist, peace activist, and vegetarian Buddhist. My interests include history, politics, philosophy, photography, art films, and the Tarot. Not looking for sex, no vulgar letters please. Let's build a friendship with caring and trust. Photo a must. Chris. **F-918**



F-919

W/M, OHIO — loves leather, girdles, high heels, pantyhose, B/D seeks women or TVs into the same. Please send photo along with reply. Giva **F-919**



F-920

IMAGINATIVE TV — 5'9", 30. Seeks erotic encounters with sexy, sane, TVs, TSs, sophisticated couples and non-pro GGs. I'm Bi-curious and somewhat submissive. Would love to be your housemaid, girlfriend or both. See my "Letter To Kim" in this issue for more details. Send photo, all answered, Alison. **F-920**



F-921

BEAUTIFUL, FEMININE TV — (see photo) wants to correspond and meet female, couple, beautiful TV/TS for friendship and fun. Please reply with photo. **F-921**



F-922

MILWAUKEE, WI — Bi-transsexual seeks passable TS/TV's, females. I'm young, single, petite, tight, blue eyes, disease free. Love seductive attire, giving/receiving, bi oral sex, deep greek, penetration, B/D, Dominant/submissive sex, and kinky fun. Safe sex only. Honest letter, address or phone, video or photo for mine. What's your pleasure? **F-922**



F-923

FUN LOVING & EROTIC TV will answer all who send photo, can travel to MI. Oh and Indiana. Love all sexy clothing. Let's meet and explore! **F-923**



F-924

HOT, SULTRY, EROTIC TV — loves role playing, love both dom. and sub. roles. All kinky people wanted for sexy times photo and phone or no reply. **F-924**



F-925

KANSAS CITY AREA — TV-TS? seeks pre-op TS or women for help with "dressing up" 27 yrs. old w.m. very clean. "I love lingerie" photo and phone a must. NO MEN. Love Jill. **F-925**

I'M A FRUSTRATED BI-TV — 45, 6'4" 185 lbs. I would like to meet a Bi-TV pre-op to help me become the lady I want to be possible long term relationship. Relocation all with photo answered MI. area preferred, if you would like a real challenge. **F-926**

TRIM TV — seeks mature, urbane, discrete, cultured and demanding female who seeks a live-in maid/cook, (I am an excellent one). Ultimate goal: sex-change. Photo please, you've seen me constantly shaved. **F-927**



F-928

NEW TO THE SCENE — SWM, 21, Nebraska, seeks intelligent, 18-25 yrs., TV, TS or female, bi, gay, or straight, for correspondence and/or meeting and we'll take it from there. I love to please. I'm open minded, educated and lonely. Write me and we'll see what happens. Rhonda **F-928**

TV TRAMPS would like to meet with other TVs to act out whore/slut fantasies. Let's meet for photo/video sessions. Couples, endowed males write soon. Photo, phone necessary. Michelle **F-929**

TS MINDED CLOSET TV wishes to meet w/m 21 and up. For permanent relationship, marriage. 28, 5'9" 140lbs. Must relocate to your area. I am HIV neg., no drugs and 100% very sincere. You must be also. SASE and phone. Love, Virginia **F-930**

NY TV — sit with me in front of my fireplace and share secrets with me. I'm clean, safe, discreet, and looking for a girl/boy friend for good times. Photo please! **F-931**



F-929



F-931



F932

BI-WHITE MALE looking for TV/TS, or Shemale for fun and possible relationship. A/P French, Greek and tongue crazy! No beards/mustaches but a good looking woman with a manly function. Entertain or travel, photo/phone, Jeff. **F932**

VIVACIOUS, fun-loving girl would like to meet females, couples and other gorgeous queens. Would you enjoy a girlfriend with something extra? Then write and tell me about yourself and your desires. I will answer all who include photo. Cent. Ohio **F933**



F935

CHICAGO/SUBURBS — Bi-WF, 29, attractive, feminine voluptuous, slightly dominant, sometimes needs to be seduced. Seeking straight male TV, attractive as male or female, over 30. Looking for a sincere, honest, long-term relationship. I am very social, political, feminist, love to dance and enjoy life. No drugs, pain, or group sex. I need a sensual, secure man and a sexy lesbian lover in one package. Please write and tell me about yourself, your desires and dreams for the future. Include a phone number, address and photos, will exchange same. **F934**

LOVELY, PASSABLE,— TV/TS's wanted for friendship and frolic by emerging. Shemale covergirl. Through practice and sexual conditioning, I have been totally feminized and transformed from a bra-wearing sissy boy into a sultry, submissive TV slut who can no longer satisfy a genetic woman. I am seeking sublime satisfaction for my desires and fantasies from other cocky girls. Send photo and detailed letter for reply. Love, Andrea. **F935**

SINGLE, WHITE, preoperative transsexual, ultra feminine, desires monogamous live-in relationship with financially and emotionally secure gentleman able to support me. Willing to relocate. **F-936**



F933



F-936



F-937

N.Y. (UPSTATE) — Submissive TV seeks correspondence and meetings with similarly minded others for "Girl Talk" and mutual sharing of interests. Please send photo and interests. Love, Kathi!

F-937

SBM, 23, 5'11" — I am looking for pretty TV's or TS's for friendship and more. I am sincere and for real. Black women are a plus, but beauty a must. Tony!

F-938



F-941

I'M READY FOR MY STAR! — Didi, a 24 hours TS. I'm beautiful talented, sexy and have lot of love and kisses to give for the right gentleman who can help back me financially. I have a great personality and a good sense of humor. Your photo gets my love and XXX until then.

F-939



F-939



F-947

PANTY FETISH? — Athletic white male looks great in satin panties. Will send Polaroids to all TV's, TS's men/women who write and tell me your panty sniffing stories. I also will share my adventures.

F-940

BI TV — slender, sexy, passive, seeks all beautiful TV, TSs females, single males 9 plus and couples. SASE and photo.

F-941

I AM AN EFFEMINANT, YOUNG AND CARE-FREE TV — who often goes out in public (very passable). I enjoy wearing formal and summer party dresses. All of them are made of taffeta, lace or velvet and short enough to show off my sexy legs. Underneath I wear a minibusque or bustier with garters, panties and nylons. Most of my high heels are lace covered and often dyed to match my dress. If you enjoy this type of woman, maybe we can get together. Love and Kisses, Rachael!

F-947



F-942

TV — wishes to become complete shemale and live it full time. Looking for Mistress, couple or TS to guide me. Slave/maid, valet, or whatever in return, surgery, hormones. Relocation no problem. Would love to make a movie.

F-942

BEAUTIFUL TV — 140lbs, 5'9" platinum blonde, ultra feminine, seeks male conversion, 18 to 50, disease free, slim, trim, clean, for sex, fun, love, possible life mate, request photo, brief letter. TV's welcome, Alb. area only.

F-943



F-943

DEMURE, ULTRA PASSABLE — petite Bi-TV, 5'5" 130lbs, 8", enjoy daitng, sexy video roles, fun but sincere people. Photo insures reply. Discretion, safe circumstance only please. Love, Carole-Anne!

F-944

I AM RENE' — a discreet, NY/Bi, sweet, sexy black TV. I am looking for that special "someone" who can both arouse and please the woman inside me. I adore intimate dinners at home, dressed in sexy low cut dresses, shimmering hose, high heels and tight hourglass corsets. Correspondence from all black TS's and TV's especially welcomed.

F-945

23 YR. OLD BLACK MALE — looking for beautiful, passable ladies for fun and maybe more. No gay men. Especially love black women from 21-35. Love photos. Send photo, phone and address. Will respond to all. Tony!

F-946



F-945



F-944

PA-OHIO — first ad anywhere. Open-minded TV w/many interests, desires. Photo/fantasy exchange and possibly meetings w/TVs, TSs, couples, females and males. Photo & SASE guarantee reply. **F-948**



F-948

PHOENIX-LAS VEGAS AREAS — Young professional male, 28 years old, 6', 175lbs., interested in meeting/corresponding w/attractive, feminine TS. If interested, please respond w/photo and letter. **F-949**

ME AND MY FRIEND here are very lonely. Are there any hot TVs, women or men interested in solving my problem? Love, Joanie **F-950**



F-950

ARE YOU A HOT TV, TS OR CD? Have you dreamed of exploring your most feminine and submissive side at the hands of an experienced master. Write Sir Midian now, and live the dream. **F-951**

VERY ATTRACTIVE, straight acting Indianapolis Bi WM, 34, 6', 180lbs., is seeking a very feminine and passable TV or pre-op Transsexual for a very special and loving relationship. I want to give you my undivided attention and love as we enjoy dining, dancing and romantic days and nights together. If you have been searching for a man who has yet to treat and respect you as the real woman you are, I may be the companion you're looking for. We may have much to talk about! Please include recent photo. Serious replies only. **F-952**



F-952



F-954

STATUESQUE — TS pre-op, cute, cuddly and loving. College educated and secure w/a gloriously boundless imagination. Would like to meet tall (6' 2" and over) men, pref, but will answer all. Avid writer and correspondent. **F-954**

Hi! I'm a brand new TV (for now). I really want to meet other TV's for chit-chat and good times. If you like the picture, you'll love the rest. Cookie, in Ohio **F-953**



F-953

HOW TO ANSWER A FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL PERSONAL AD

1. Write your letter and enclose it in an UNSEALED envelope. If you write more than one letter, place each letter in a separate envelope. Each of these envelopes should have your correct address printed on the upper left hand corner and a postage stamp must be affixed. If you wish to have your letter(s) forwarded by airmail, be sure to use an airmail stamp (or stamps).

2. Write (in pencil) the Confidential Ad Number of the person you wish to write to on the lower

right-hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address your envelope and mail it for you

3. Send Two Dollars (\$2.00) for the FIRST letter and One Dollar (\$1.00) for each ADDITIONAL letter you wish us to forward for you.

4. Fill out the coupon below and place it—along with the letter(s) to be forwarded—in a LARGER envelope. Enclose the proper remittance and send letter(s) to:

LEORAM PRODUCTIONS
C/O FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. BOX 1622
STUDIO CITY, CA 91614
Please make checks and money
orders payable to:
LEORAM PRODUCTIONS

FORWARDING FEES: First Letter \$2.00
Additional letters \$1.00 ea. I enclose
\$_____ which is payment in full for
forwarding the enclosed _____ letters
I hereby certify that I am over eighteen
(18) years of age.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____ SEX _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(Signature) _____

PLEASE NOTE: Because of increased expenses we will now have to charge an initial placement fee as follows: \$5.00 for an all-type ad. \$7.00 for an ad with a photo. Please make checks and money orders payable to: LEORAM PRODUCTIONS. Please check instructions before mailing and please print clearly.

F.M.I. PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

MAIL TO:
FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. BOX 1622
STUDIO CITY, CA 91614

My ad should read

The models release below must be filled out completely if you wish to place a PHOTO ad or have a PHOTO of yourself appear in the magazine. Your information will be completely confidential and private.

I hereby waive any right to inspect or approve the Photographs or the advertising copy or printed matter that may be used by the Users in conjunction therewith, and further waive any claim that I may have to the eventual use to which it may be applied. Such Photographs may be used in the sole discretion of the Users with my name or a fictitious name, and with fictitious or accurate biographical material.

I hereby release, discharge and agree to save harmless the Users from and against any and all liability in connection with the use of such Photographs and from any liability as a result of any distortion, blurring or alteration, optical illusion or use in composite form, either intentionally or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the taking, processing or reproduction of the finished product, or its publication or distribution, even should the same subject me to ridicule, scandal, reproach, scorn or indignity.

I hereby represent that I am over the age of 21 years and have read the authorization and release prior to its execution. I have not been induced, other than by the consideration received, to execute the same by any representation or statement made by the Photographer or his agents, employees or any one acting on his behalf.

Signature _____

Witness: _____

Address _____

Date: _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Texas Cocksucker



By Ricky Harrison

It was my day off and I was bored.

After all, I hadn't been fucked or sucked a cock since coming to the Texas town two weeks ago.

Oh, there were men who ogled me at the newspaper office where I worked on the copy desk. But they were just men

who liked to look at pretty girls, or perhaps to make out with the new broad. I didn't know yet how they might react if I revealed that I really was a man under the dresses.

When I took this new job, I decided to abandon my previous twin existence—a

man by day and a woman by night. "Ricky" became "Ricci" and I could wear my female wardrobe all the time. I was letting my nails grow, so soon I wouldn't need the false ones. My hair, already long, was growing longer, and, with a perm, soon would replace wigs. I was no Dolly Parton, but hormones had helped me to develop some cleavage.

As I said, I was bored. I needed a man to bore me the right way. Besides, I had a new dress I wanted to wear—an apple-green sheath with a low neckline and a split skirt that enhanced my shapely legs.

A town of nearly 350,000 people must have a sizable gay community and undoubtedly some gay bars. But I didn't know where any of them were and didn't feel like going on a safari.

I had noticed a small bar not far from the office and decided to go there first. If nothing was happening, the bartender probably would steer me somewhere more promising.

I showered, shaved and dressed with care, wearing sheer pantyhose and an uplift bra that displayed a small amount of cleavage, with a promise of more, under the green dress. I chose my best perfume, gold earrings and a black wig that was softly waved, but a bit tousled as if I had run a comb through it hastily after arising from someone's bed. The black hair and vivid red lipstick helped to emphasize my greenish-blue eyes.

It was a nice day, but I decided to carry a light stole in case it got chilly later. Slipping on green pumps and taking up a small green handbag, I surveyed myself in a full-length mirror before starting out.

"Hmm, not bad. If I were so inclined, I'd fuck you myself," I told my image.

There were a half-dozen men in the bar and a handsome black bartender. I could feel the men eyeing me hungrily as I sashayed to the bar, hips swinging provocatively, and ordered a gin and grapefruit juice.

Texas has a variety of local option liquor laws. In this town, if you wanted a drink, you had to bring your own bottle and the bar would sell you setups.

After the bartender explained this to me, and said I could buy a bottle at a liquor store in the hotel on the corner, a man in the corner booth spoke:

"If the little lady doesn't mind bourbon, I'd be pleased if she'll join me for a drink."

I recognized the type at once. Many are the times I've had such men as customers. Middle-aged, slightly paunchy, florid of face. Obviously, a traveling man staying at the nearby hotel and looking for some female companionship.

"Thank you, sir. You're so kind," I said as I slipped into the booth beside him so that our thighs touched slightly. I let my skirt hike up a bit, revealing the inside of my thighs above the knees.

"What's a good-looking lady like you doing out all by your lonesome?" he asked as he ordered me a ginger ale to go with the bourbon.

I decided to be blunt.

"Looking for a cock to suck and someone to butt-fuck me," I said, reaching for his crotch and an already hardening dick.

He reached for my pussy, but I distracted him by nibbling at an earlobe and stroking his cock through the cloth.

"Don't do that too much," he said. "I don't want to cream my jeans."

Again he reached for a pussy, and again I fended him off, this time by crossing my legs.

"What about these other men? S'pose they'd like to butt-fuck me too?"

"You must really like taking it in the ass. But let's not forget your cunt."

It was time to enlighten him, so I uncrossed my legs, took his hand and guided it to the promised land where it encountered a cock and balls instead of the expected pussy.

"Why, you've got a prick just like me," he stammered. "What are you, some kind of hermaphrodite?"

"No, just a transvestite who loves dressing like a girl, sucking cocks and getting fucked. And I'll guarantee you I'll give you the best blowjob you ever had, and that my asshole is tighter than your wife's pussy."

Maybe it was the mention of his wife that decided him. It was definitely the herd instinct, and the feeling that there was safety in numbers that caused him to call over the others, tell them what I was and offer them a piece of the action.

"Let's take this little cocksucker over to my room at the hotel," he said.

"Let's see if he really can blow all of us, and let all of us fuck him, like he—or should I say she—says."

The moment we got to the hotel room, I dropped to my knees and began to suck. I took my benefactor first, tonguing his piss-slit, kissing his shaft and licking his balls before gulping down his rock-hard dick. It was delicious, made even more so by my long abstinence.

Soon, we were all naked and the others were playing with themselves as they watched. That's fine, to keep their pricks hard, but I didn't want them to waste any cum in the air that could pour into one of my eager orifices.

"Won't somebody fuck me, please?" I pleaded as I realized I still had an empty asshole.

One of the men, paunchier—no fatter—than the others, immediately filled the void.

Like many fat men, his dick wasn't very big. But, after two weeks of dildos, the real thing felt good—even that little one pumping into my asshole and the fat belly slapping against my cheeks.

As a matter of fact, not one of the men measured up to the size of my dildos. But, a dildo doesn't cum and I'm not enough of a contortionist to suck myself as some men can.

During that first round, I gave four blowjobs and was fucked twice. I shot my load three times, and was ready for more. But the six men, not being as young as I, had to rest between times.

As we rested, and as I was working up some more hard-ons, I said:

"I usually get paid for this. However, as a special introductory offer, today's ministrations are free. Any donations you might like to make, though, will be greatly appreciated."

When we finished, five of the men gave me \$75 each and the sixth tossed an even \$100 into the kitty. I often wondered how those, and future payments for services rendered, were listed on their expense accounts.

Tony, the bartender I went back early the next day to see, didn't have an expense account, so I never charged him.

Of course, Tony knew I was a man. But he never told any of his friends, simply introducing me as "the best little cocksucker in Texas" and letting them find out for themselves.

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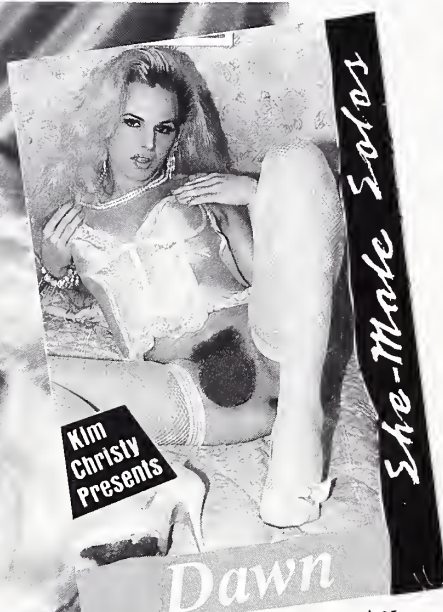
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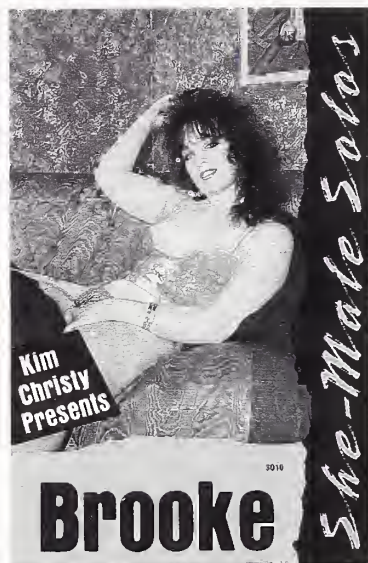
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VIDEOS

Kim Christy's She-Male Solos!



Dawn proceeds to grease up her pussy-pole and jack it until she shoots her lovejuice! **\$0#11 \$39.95**



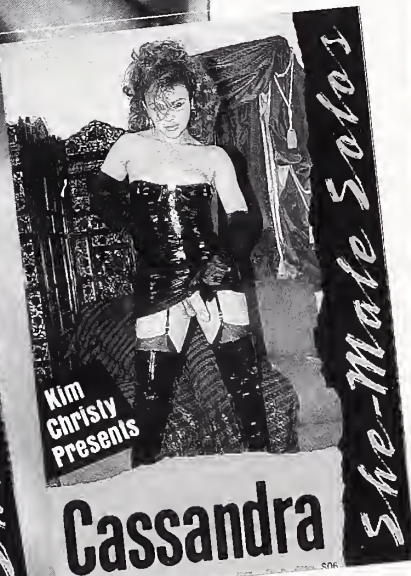
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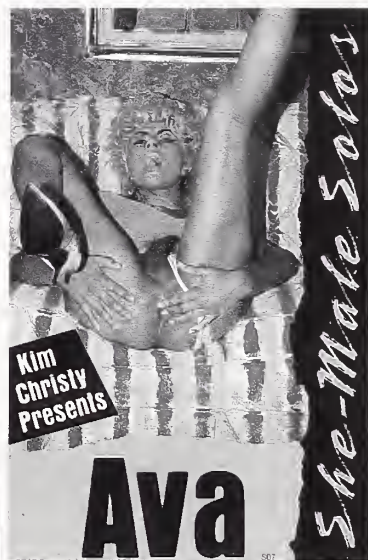
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See one of our most dramatic transformations as Heather's dream comes true! **\$0#9 \$39.95**



The return of the most beautiful she-male we've seen in years. Miss Morelle doesn't want to let the photographer see what's really in those tiny panties of hers. When she finally whips it out, she comes on like gangbusters. She literally humps the camera with her more-than-perfect body. **\$05 \$39.95**



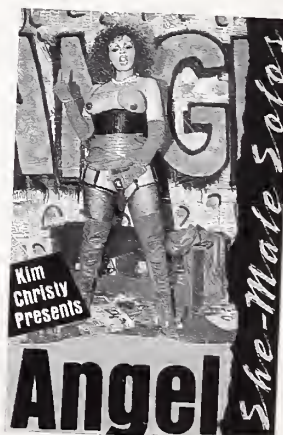
The lonely widow entertains her own needs as our narrator watches from outside her window. When she catches him, she insists he come in and she shows him her family secret. What will the neighbors think? Cassandra is a curvaceous piece of femininity you won't soon forget. **\$06 \$39.95**



This fetish video features the piping-hot little sex bomb who has an intense obsession with her own lingerie. You will be squirming as you watch her play, pull and fondle her panties — and what's in them. **\$07 \$39.95**



hurry she is told she will have to be medically examined to get her papers. Imagine her panic at the discovery of what's underneath all of those petticoats. She decides to reduce the considerable bulge by hand. **\$08 \$39.95**



Kim Christy's She-Male



She-Male Bride Exposed

Like the Middle Ages, brides are still bartered in this fairy-tale land from Kim Christy. Brooke is waiting in the Prince's chambers on her wedding night, terrified of what this hulking, muscular giant may find under all those skirts of lace. **EB \$59.95**



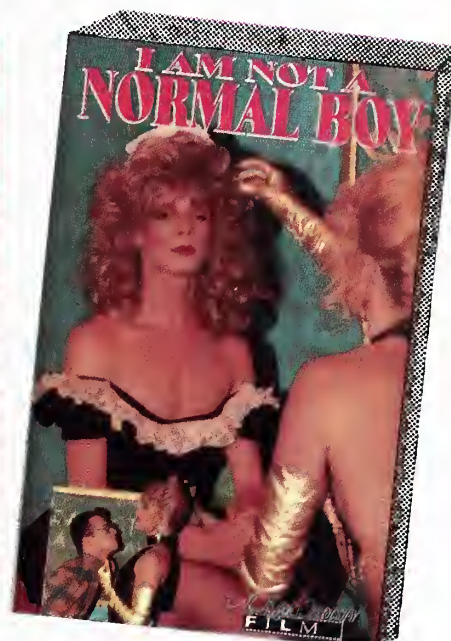
T.V. Training Center

His wife found him wearing her panties. She was furious, but decided if he was going to do it, do it right. Sent to the T.V. Training Center the lovely Lois Ayers teaches him all about the finer aspects of being a sexy woman. **TV \$49.95**



Alexandra's Pampered Pet

This bitch-goddess plays all sorts of degrading games with her humpy little pet: Panty Chew, Lick the Boot, Fetch the Dildo and Hide the Bone. She is a totally new and luscious talent. Full lips and red hair will make you want to be her little doggie too!!! **PP \$49.95**



Not a Normal Boy

Ms. Burbank is dressed in leather and spike heels with long gold lame gloves. She informs Howard that he is not like the other little boys and that she is going to help him to become the little piggy-slut that she sees him to be. **NB \$59.95**



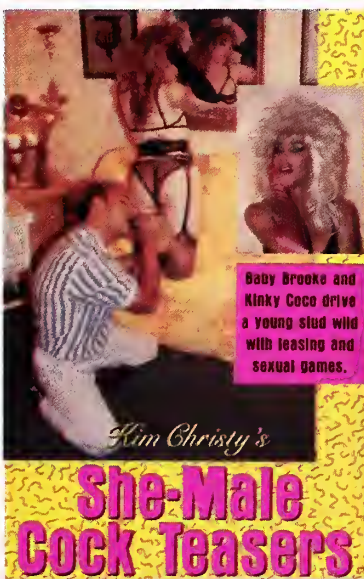
Cleopatra and Her Slave

Coco stars as the Egyptian Goddess of Beauty, Cleopatra, in this Kim Christy video. Coco and her slave Ted perform the ancient rituals of Egyptian sex. Cleopatra's slave will do anything and everything for sex with this Goddess of Beauty. **SM1 \$59.95**



Petticoat Therapy

See Morelle De Keight take this young Marine on the fantasy trip of his life. He is shy and scared, but after Morelle transforms him into her petticoat maid, he turns into a wanton slut who will do the most degrading things to make his mistress happy. Plenty of explicit action. **PT \$59.95**



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